

How to be a Spy V 2

by Black-Dragon-Ninja

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-12-15 20:10:53

Updated: 2011-12-15 20:10:53

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:08:03

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,609

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: I deleted this story because the layout was crap. I hope this one is better. Join Hiccup, B.E.R.K.'s smallest agent as he goes through the ups and downs of being, well, Hiccup. And the dangers of befriending a dragon, his sworn enemy.

How to be a Spy V 2

How to Train Your Dragon belongs to Cressida Cowell and the wonderful people at Dreamworks Animation!

A/N: So I got this idea for a modern day re-telling of HTTYD and I just couldn't shake it. My version is going to follow most if not all of the main plot points in the film, with a twist of course. ;) Now not all the plot points may happen in the same order as the film, I'm just writing what comes to me and listening to the characters and seeing what they want to do. Which seem to be working for me. (: I'm trying to let this story*flow*. the ending may seem a little random, but I really wanted the first chapter to end about where it , and instead of Berk being a village, it is now a secret agent networkâ€¦pretty cool huh? And the other kids are a *little* nicer to Hiccup, but not by a lot. Oh, and Hiccup is going to play the guitar in my story, kinda hot right? I think so. ^D And he has a cat. I found out Hiccup has a cat in the books(after I decided he would have one in my story.)so that was kind of awesome. I don't know what the cat in the books looks like but you'll find out what mine look like in chap two. (:And I'm not really good with writing accents, so just imagine Gobber and the others speaking with one. I own nothing save for the plot and my OC who appears in chapter two, and maybe another one later on. I have no beta, so forgive me for any spelling/grammar issues you find. I do my best, with spell check.

Chapter one: B.E.R.K.

This is B.E.R.K. it stands for, Battling Evil Retaining Kindness Yeah, great name right? The first part isn't so bad, ya'know, the

'battling evil' part, it **is** what we do. But who ever came up with the "retaining kindness" part needs a punch in the face. I mean, really? Retaining kindness, how do you, "retain kindness"? I've heard of retaining water but, that's a totally different thing. Anyways, B.E.R.K. is located in a classified location, all I can tell you is it's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. Some of us joke that it's located solidly on the mariden of misery, I'm beginning to think they're right. My home/base, in a word? Sturdy, B.E.R.K. has been in operations for over seven generations. Not the oldest spy network, but not the youngest one either. And all the buildings look like new. We have bomb disarming, weapons training, hand to hand combatn and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are our enemies, they haveâ€|dragons. Most people would give up, not us. Most, if not all of us are descended from vikings, they had stubbornness issues. And now so do we. To befriend a dragon is forbidden, so of course that means most of us train to be dragon hunters. I've tried and failed the test to become one **ahem** three times. Why do I keep trying? Stubbornness issues, remember? My names Hiccup. great name, I know. But it's not the worst. If there's one belief that the older generations won't let go of it's that a hideous name will ward off "unwanted things", like our charming viking-like demeanor wouldn't do that. That big guy over there with the red hair and beard is Stoick, our leader. There's a story that says he popped a dragons head right off of it shoulders when he was just a babyâ€|.do I believe it? Yes I do. The meathead with interchangeable hands and attitude standing next to him is Gobber, his right hand man, and our weapons expert. I've been his apprentice ever since I was littleâ€|.well, littler. The big blond guy with the long brown jacket is Fishlegs(told ya my name wasn't the worst!)The brown haired guy is Snotlout, my cousin. The other blonds, the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and last but not leastâ€|Astrid. **Sigh** Their jobs are so much cooler, they get to go out in the field, I hardly ever leave the base. But one day I'll get out there, because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadderhead would at least get me noticed, Gronckles are tough, taking down one of those would defanitly get me a girlfriend. A Zippleback? Exotic, two heads, twice the status. And then there's the monstrous Nightmare, only the best vikings, er, dragon hunters go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. And then there's the ultimate prize, the dragon no one has ever seen, it's called the Night Fury. This thing never steals food, never shows it's self, andâ€|never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury, that's why I'm going to be the first.

Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know, Stoick, yeah, he's my dad. I know I know, the little weakling agent's father is the powerful leader of the whole shindig, believe me, I get the irony behind it. It's pointed out to me weekly.

(In the armory)

"Are you sure about this Hiccup? No one attempts this test more then twice, let alone four times." Gobber said while he cleaned an AK-47 gun. Gobber and his apprentice Hiccup were sitting on stools at a long gray countertop cleaning guns brought back from a recent mission. "I really don't see the point." "Well thanks for your vote of confidence Gobber, I really appreciate it." Hiccup replied sarcastically while handing Gobber different tools/hands for cleaning guns. "I'm just saying if you haven't passed it by now your not going to." He paused to put the gun back together which he did with

surprising swiftness, leaving Hiccup to mull over his words. Hopping off his stool Hiccup went to clean off his hands in the stainless steel sink before heading out for dinner. "I just want to be one of you guys." He said softly as he pushed his way out the door and headed for the dining hall. Gobber sighed, put the gun away and after changing his interchangeable hand to a mug also headed for the dining hall.

(In the dining hall.)

As Hiccup made his way down the food line, out of the corner of his eye he saw his dad his dad come in with a couple of other men and walk over to the podium on a small stage where he commonly made public announcements. Hiccup quickly grabbed a roll out of the bread basket and shoved it into his mouth since there was no more room on his plate and hurried over to the table where the other teens were already sitting and eating their dinners of caesar salad and spaghetti and meatballs. "Hey guys." Hiccup said cheerfully as he slid onto the bench next to Astrid, but since he had the roll in his mouth it sounded more like "Heff guzz". "Oh great, *he's* here." Tuffnut said under his breath which earned him a smack upside the head from his sister which in turn earned her an elbow in the ribs. As they both rubbed their sore spots Astrid turned to Hiccup and said, "It looks like your dad's going to make an announcement, any idea what it could be about?" She had an eager look on her face, she was at the top of all the classes she took and was always up for earning more credit. Hiccup took the roll from his mouth and placed it on a napkin. then replied, "Yeah, my dad laid it all out for me last night and told me everything," He lowered his voice to a stage whisper. "Two wordsâ€|Monkey. Army." He then cracked up as Astrid shot him a dirty look. "Okay, I get it. You know nothing." She said with a roll of her eyes. "I'll say!" Snotlout broke in with a rude chuckle, he was sitting on the other side of Astrid while Fishlegs, Ruffnut and Tuffnut sat across from them with their backs towards Stoick. "Aw, hey cousin, nice to see you too." Hiccup said dryly. "I wonder what it could be about.." Fishlegs wondered out loud turning to face behind him so he could watch Stoick. "I guess we'll find out soon enough." Ruffnut said also turning to see what was going on. The others also turned their attention towards the podium where Stoick now stood. Hiccup took a bite of his salad just as his dad spoke into the mike.

"Good evening everyone." He began after testing the mike by tapping on it a few times. A few mumbled greetings were heard in return. "So, you all must be wondering why I'm up here, seeing as there's not a scheduled announcement on the agenda." He continued placing his hands on either side of the podium. A few worried sounding mummings were heard. "Well, first off I'd like to say welcome back and good job to agents McNeil and Cooper on the success of their last mission. Good job guys." Stoick said nodding to a brown haired man and a black haired man sitting close to the front of the room. They both waved the praise away modestly. "But back to business." Stoick said his face growing serious.

"Here comes the bad news." Ruffnut sighed" She was leaning back against the table with her elbows. "What makes you think it'll be bad newsRuff?" Hiccup questioned her. "Does your dad ever look like *that* and deliver good news?" She replied, waving her hand to empathize her point. Before Hiccup could answer his dad was speaking again.

"The enemy has been spotted *1000 klicks from our base." Worried whispers echoed though-out the room. "Now for some of you that may not seem like they are very closeâ€¦but it's the closest they've ever been to B.E.R.K., which means their looking for us." Stoick said in a low tone of voice. "What if they find us?" A worried voice called out from the crowd of people. This caused others to chime in and the volume in the dining hall swelled until Stoick had to yell into the mike to get the crowds attention again. "QUITE!" He bellowed causing nearly everyone to jump and fall silent. "Alright..as I was saying, if we can defeat them on *their* home turf, then we can sure as hell do it on ours. *IF* they ever find us." He paused to look all across the sea of faces gathered below him as people started to calm down, some of them even returning to their food. "But keep your eyes and ears open everyone. If by chance they do find us I want to be as prepared as possible, meaning getting anyone below ground that we need to and getting our fighters ready. That is all for now."

With a curt nod he stepped down from the podium to stand next to Gobber who had walked up halfway though his speech, he was nibbling on a piece of garlic bread. "So they *are* getting closer eh? Hm, thought that was just a rumor going around though the higher ups." Gobber said somberly. "Yes, multiple scouting parties have confirmed it. I thought it would be best to let everyone know now instead of later." Stoick told his best friend with a tired look on his face. "Good thing you did, seeing as not everyone here is a fighter." Gobber replied as they walked over to a small empty table and sat down side by side with their backs facing the room full of people behind them. "Wild guess, you're talking about Hiccup." Gobber only shrugged in reply. "I'm leaving in a few days to help a hunting party take down some of their dragons. This has to stop Gobber." Stoick said rubbing his eyes. "Ahhhh, good, I'll go with you." Gobber said eagerly. "I'll pack my undies." "No Gobber, I need you to stay here and train the teens with the dragons we've captured. They need to be prepared." Stoick told him with a some what apologetic look on his face. "Oh perfect, while I'm busy Hiccup can look after the armory. Razor sharp knives, loaded guns, lots of time to himself, what could possibly go wrong?" He said sarcastically. "What am I going to do with him, Gobber?" Stoick asked, trying to keep his voice from carrying to the rest of the room. He stood up and began to pace behind Gobber. "Put him in training with the others." He replied quietly. "No, I'm serious Gobber!" Stoick said with grimace. "So am I." Gobber said with a serious look on his face. Stoick sat down again with a sigh. "He'll be killed before you let the first dragon out of it's cage." "Oh, you don't know that." Gobber said waving off the statement with his mug hand. "I do know that." "No you don't." "No, actually I do." "NO, ye don't." Gobber insisted. "Listen, you know what's he's like, from the time he could crawl he's been...different! He doesn't listen, he's got the attention span of a sparrow, I take him fishing and he goes hunting for, for trolls!" Stoick said waving his arms. "Trolls exist! They steal your socks, but only the left ones. Hmph, what's with that?" Gobber said enthusiastically. "Well I guess I know where Hiccup get's his belief of trolls." Stoick said dryly. "When I was a boy my father taught me everything there was to being a spy, *and* a dragon hunter. I knew what I was, what I had to become, Hiccup is not that boy." Stoick looked mournfully at Gobber. "You can't stop him Stoick, you can only prepare him." Gobber said wisely. "I know it seems hopeless but the truth is you won't always be around to protect him. He's gotten out there before, he's going to get out there again, I'm surprised he's

not out there now." Gobber pointed out still waving his mug hand around. Stoick looked down, knowing that his lifelong friend was right. Gobber shoved the rest of the bread in his mouth as he stood up. "Think about what I've said Stoick. I've got to pick up some stuff from the shooting range. Good night." Gobber patted Stoick on the shoulder then headed for the exit. Stoick glanced over to where Hiccup was sitting and sighed, maybe Gobber was right. Stoick stood up and headed for his and Hiccup's shared quarters to settle in for the night. Promising himself he would have a talk with his son in the morning.

*1000 klicks, I did the math and I think that's about 620 miles. I think, correct me if I'm wrong because that's not the only time I'll use 'klicks'. REVIEW PLEASE! I really want to know what people think of this story. Reviews are love! Thanks!

End
file.